DIVINE HARMONY:

BEING

A COLLECTION OF PSALM-TUNES,

IN THREE, FOUR, AND FIVE, PARTS,

COMPOSED BY

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AND

THE LATE REV. THOMAS SHARP, M. A.

CONTRA-TENOR AND TENOR.

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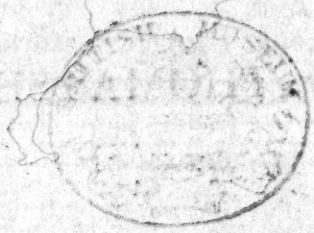
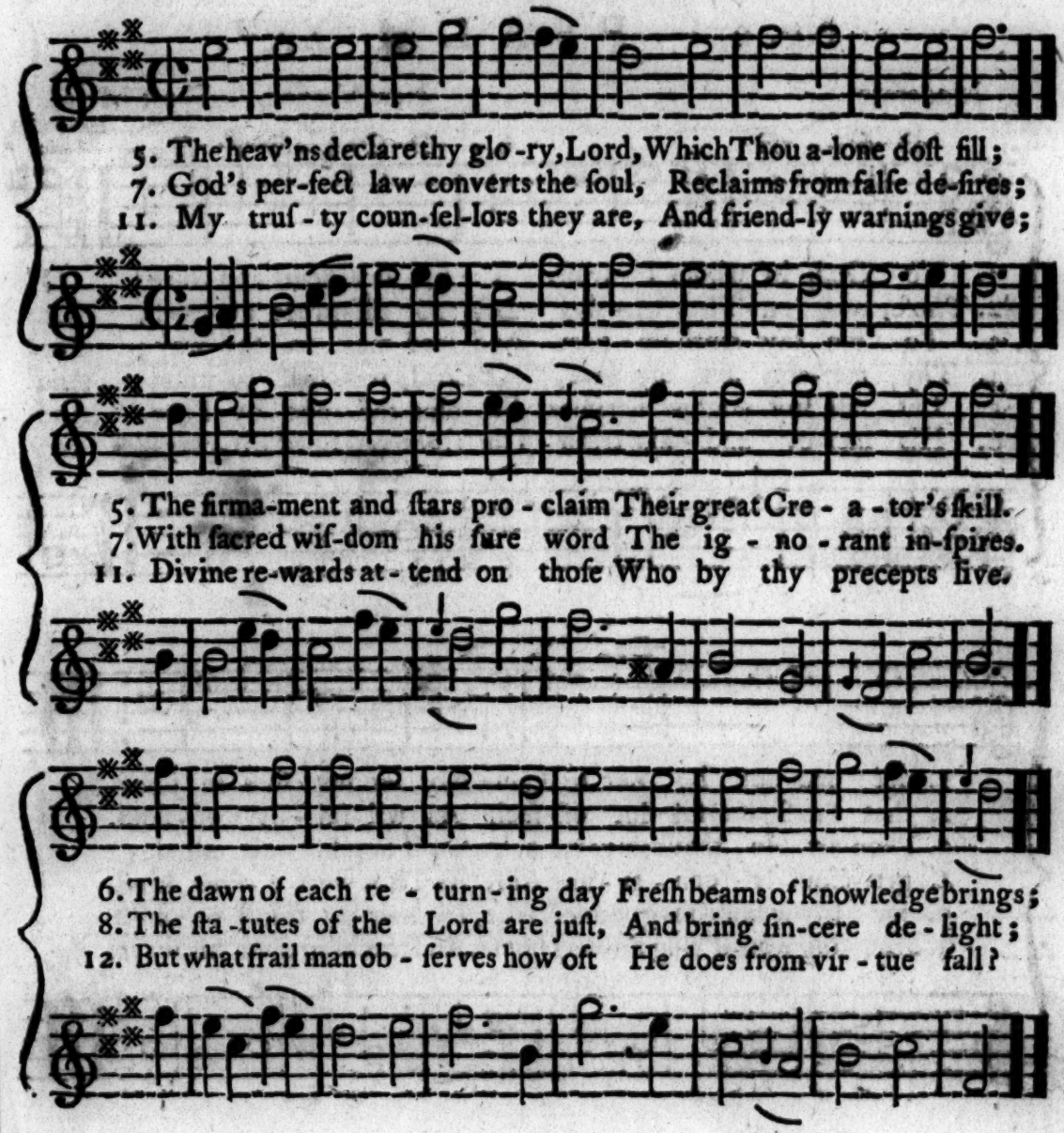
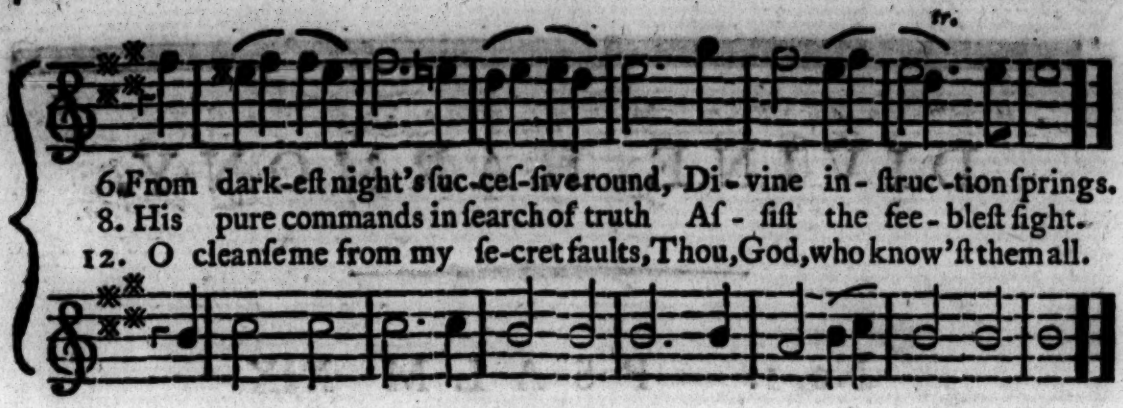


DIVINE HARMONY.

No. 1. — PSALM XIX.

Cheerful. New Verſion, common Metre. — Double Tune.


5. The heav'ns declare thy glo-ry, Lord, Which Thou a-lone doſt fill;
7. God's per-fect law converts the ſoul, Reclaims from falſe de-ſires;
11. My truſ-ty coun-ſel-lors they are, And friend-ly warnings give;
5. The firma-ment and ſtars pro-claim Their great Cre-a-tor's ſkill.
7. With ſacred wiſ-dom his ſure word The ig-no-rant in-ſpires.
11. Divine re-wards at-tend on thoſe Who by thy precepts live.
6. The dawn of each re-turn-ing day Freſh beams of knowledge brings;
8. The ſta-tutes of the Lord are juſt, And bring ſin-cere de-light;
12. But what frail man ob-ſerves how oft He does from vir-tue fall?


6. From dark-eſt night's ſuc-ceſ-ſive round, Di-vine in-ſtruc-tion ſprings.
8. His pure commands in ſearch of truth Aſ-ſiſt the fee-bleſt ſight.
12. O cleanſe me from my ſe-cret faults, Thou, God, who know'ſt them all.

No. 2. — PSALM XXV.

Moderato. New Verſion. — Short Metre.

Piano Firſt Time.
1. To God, in whom I truſt, I lift my heart and voice; O
2. Thoſe, who on Thee re-ly, Let no diſ-grace at-tend; Be
3. To me thy truth im-part, And lead me in thy way; For,
4. Thy mer-cies and thy love, O Lord, re-call to mind; And
5. Let all my youth-ful crimes Be blot-ted out by Thee; And
6. His mer-cy and his truth The righteous Lord diſ-plays, In
1. let me not be put to ſhame, Nor let my foes re-joice.
2. that the ſhame-ful lot of ſuch As wil-ful-ly of-fend.
3. Thou art He that brings me help, On Thee I wait all day.
4. gra-cious-ly con-ti-nue ſtill, As Thou wert e-ver, kind.
5. for thy wond'rous goodneſs ſake, In mer-cy think on me.
6. bring-ing wan-d'ring ſin-ners home, And teaching them his ways.

No. 3. — PSALM CXVII.

Moderato. New Verſion. — Common Metre.

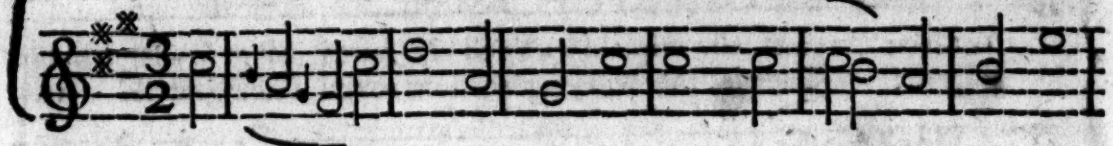
1. With cheerful notes let all the earth To heav'n their voi-ces
2. God's ten-der mer - cy knows no bound, His truth ſhall ne'er de-
Piano Firſt Time.
1. raiſe; Let all, inſpir'd with god - ly mirth, Sing ſo - lemn hymns
2. cay; Then let the will -ing na-tions round Their grateful tri-
1. of praiſe.
2. bute pay.

No. 4. — PSALM CXXXVII.

Tranſlated by the Rev. Phocion Henley, M. A.

Andante. Common Metre.

1. As pen-ſive by the ſtreams we ſat, Which wa-ter Ba-bel's
2. Our harps, which once in hap-pier days, Je-ho-vah's prai-ſes
3. Whilſt thus, with inward grief op-preſt, We mourn'd our coun-try's
4. How ſhall the ſprightly harp re-ſound With great Je-ho-vah's
5. If e'er of thee, O na-tive land, My heart un-mind-ful
6. If in my mirth, for-get-ting thee, On o-ther themes I
7. Re-mem-ber, and re-quite them, Lord, How E-dom's ha-ted
8. Daugh-ter of Ba-bel, doom'd to bleed For thy im-pe-rious
9. Bleſt who on thy de-vo-ted head Shall heav'n's juſt ven-geance



1. plain, Thy fate, O Si-on, fill'd our eyes With tears, our hearts
2. ſung, No more were tun'd to notes of joy, But on the wil-
3. wrongs, Our foes re-quir'd a cheer-ful ſtrain, "Sing one of Si-
4. praiſe? How ſhall we ſing, to ears pro-fane, Dear Si-on's ſa-
5. prove, Let my right hand for-get her ſkill The warbling ſtring
6. dwell, Faſt in e-ter-nal ſi-lence bound, My tongue may ut-
7. race, With im-pious ma-lice, urg'd the foe To waſte thy ho-
8. ſway, Bleſt ſhall he be, whoſe righteous ſword Shall all our wrongs
9. pour; And, deaf to all thy children's cries, Pol-lute thy ſtreets

No. 5. — PSALM XCV.

Andante. New Verſion. — Long Metre.

1. with pain.
2. lows hung.
3. on's ſongs."
4. cred lays?
5. to move.
6. t'rance fail,
7. ly place.
8. re - pay.
9. with gore.
1. O come, loud an-thems let us ſing,
2. In - to his pre-ſence let us haſte,
3. For, God, the Lord, en-thron'd in ſtate,
4. The depths of earth are in his hand,
5. The roll - ing o-cean's vaſt a - byſs,
Piano Firſt Time.
1. Loud thanks to our Al - migh - ty King; For, we our voi-
2. To thank Him for his fa - vours paſt; To Him ad - dreſs,
3. Is with un - ri - vall'd glo - ry great; A King ſu - pe-
4. Her ſe - cret wealth at his command; The ſtrength of hills
5. By the ſame ſov'reign right is his; 'Tis mov'd by his
1. ces high ſhould raiſe, When our ſal - va-tion's rock we praiſe.
2. in joy - ful ſongs, The praiſe that to his name be-longs.
3. rior far to all, Whom, by his ti - tle, God we call.
4. that reach the ſkies, Sub - ject - ed to his em - pire, lies.
5. Al-migh - ty hand, That form'd and fix'd the ſo - lid land.

No. 6. — PSALM CIII.

Lively. New Verſion. — Long Metre.

1. My ſoul, in-ſpir'd with ſa-cred love, God's ho-ly name for
2. 'Tis He that all thy ſins for-gives, And af-ter ſick-neſs
3. He with good things my mouth ſup-plies, Thy vi-gour, ea-gle-
4. God made of old his righ-teous ways To Mo-ſes and our
5. The Lord a-bounds with ten-der love, And un-ex-am-pled
6. God will not al-ways harſh-ly chide, But with his an-ger
1. e-ver bleſs; Of all his fa-vours mind-ful prove, And
2. makes thee ſound; From dan-gers He thy life re-trieves, By
3. like, re-news; He, when the guilt-leſs ſuf-f'rer cries, His
4. fa-thers known; His works, to his e-ter-nal praiſe, Were
5. acts of grace; His waken'd wrath does ſlow-ly move, His
6. quick-ly part; And loves his pu-niſh-ments to guide More
1. ſtill thy grate-ful thanks ex-preſs.
2. Him with grace and mer-cy crown'd.
3. foe with juſt re-venge pur-ſues.
4. to the ſons of Ja-cob known.
5. will-ing mer-cy flows a-pace.
6. by his love than our de-ſert.

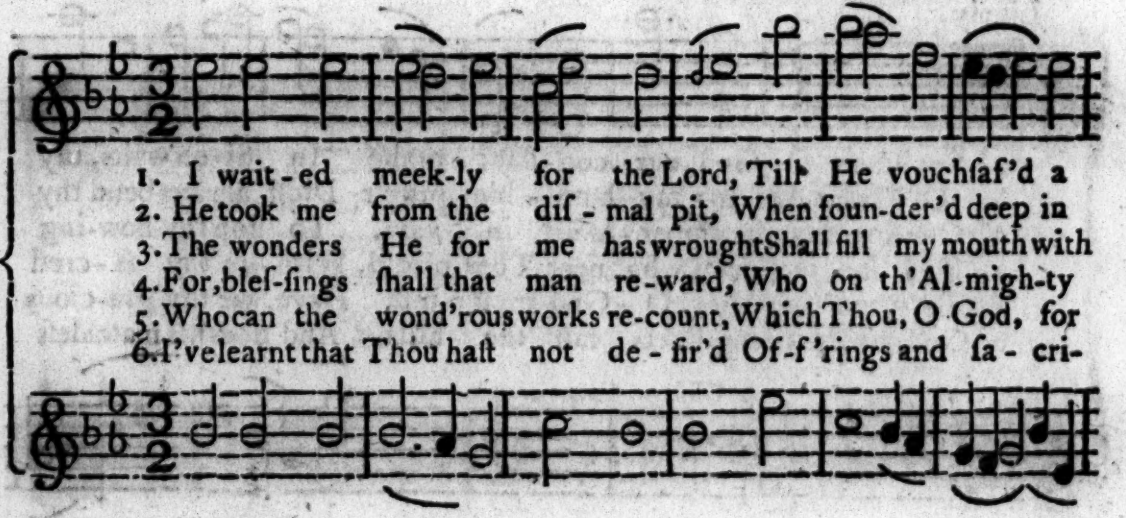
No. 7. — PSALM C.

Lively. Translated by the late Rev. William Dodd, D. D,

1. Joy-ful, O ye na-tions, ſing; Come, and ſongs of gladneſs bring:
2. He is God, the King of kings, Who, to all cre-a-ted things,
3. Come, then, to his courts re-pair; Come, and glad-ly en-ter there;
4. Well may we his praiſe proclaim, Goodneſs is his nature's name;
1. Cheerful ſervice, thankful lays, Come be-fore the Lord with praiſe.
2. Be-ing gave; our Shepherd He, We his ſheep his peo-ple be.
3. En-ter glad with ſo-lemn ſongs, Ho-ly hearts, and tune-ful tongues.
4. Mer-cy ne-ver leaves his throne, Truth and God are e-ver one.

No. 8. — PSALM XL.

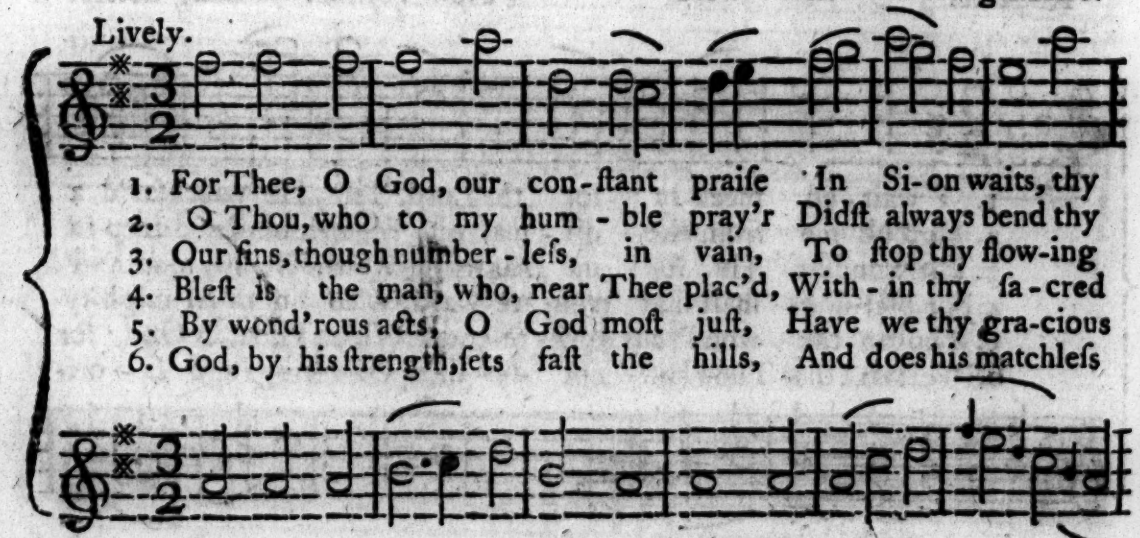
Andante. New Verſion. — Long Metre.


1. I wait-ed meek-ly for the Lord, Till He vouchſaf'd a
2. He took me from the diſ-mal pit, When foun-der'd deep in
3. The wonders He for me has wrought Shall fill my mouth with
4. For, bleſ-ſings ſhall that man re-ward, Who on th'Al-migh-ty
5. Who can the wond'rous works re-count, Which Thou, O God, for
6. I've learnt that Thou haſt not de-ſir'd Of-f'rings and ſa-cri-

1. kind re-ply; Who did his gracious ear af-ford, And heard
2. mi-ry clay; On ſo-lid groundHe plac'd my feet, And ſuf-
3. ſongs of praiſe; And o-thers to his wor-ſhip brought, To hopes
4. Lord re-lies, Who treats the proud with diſ-re-gard, And hates
5. us haſt wrought? The treaſures of thy love ſur-mount The pow'r
6. fice a-lone; Nor blood of guilt-leſs beaſts re-quir'd, For man's
1. from heav'n my hum-ble cry.
2. fer'd not my ſteps to ſtray.
3. of like de-liv'-rance raiſe.
4. the hy-po-crite's diſ-guiſe.
5. of num-bers, ſpeech, and thought.
6. tranſ-greſ-ſion to a-tone.

No. 9. — PSALM LXV.

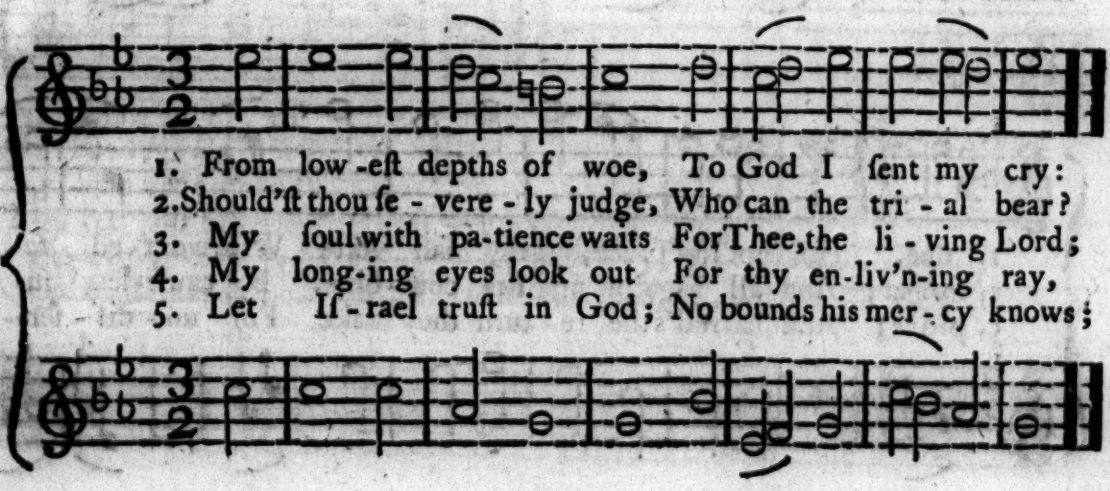
New Verſion. — Long Metre.

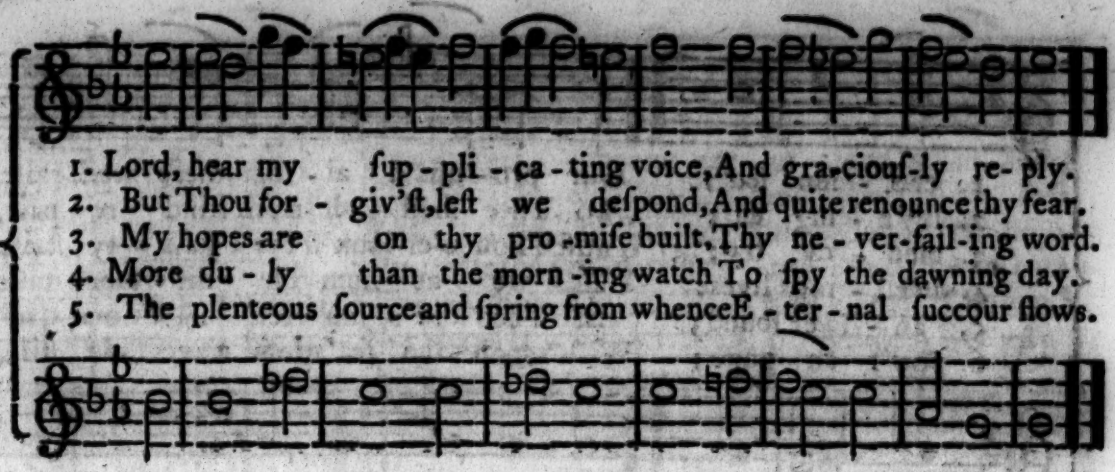

Lively.
1. For Thee, O God, our con-ſtant praiſe In Si-on waits, thy
2. O Thou, who to my hum-ble pray'r Didſt always bend thy
3. Our ſins, though number-leſs, in vain, To ſtop thy flow-ing
4. Bleſt is the man, who, near Thee plac'd, With-in thy ſa-cred
5. By wond'rous acts, O God moſt juſt, Have we thy gra-cious
6. God, by his ſtrength, ſets faſt the hills, And does his matchleſs

1. cho - ſen ſeat; Our pro - mis'd al - tars there we'll raiſe,
2. liſt'n - ing ear; To Thee ſhall all man - kind re - pair,
3. mer - cy try; Whilſt Thou o'er-look'ſt the guil - ty ſtain,
4. dwell - ings lives; Whilſt we at hum - ble diſ - tance taſte
5. an - ſwer found; In Thee re - mo - teſt na - tions truſt,
6. pow'r en - gage; With which the ſea's loud waves He ſtills,
1. And all our zealous vows complete.
2. And at thy gracious throne ap - pear.
3. And waſh-eſt out the crim - ſon dye.
4. The vaſt de-lights thy tem - ple gives.
5. And thoſe whom ſtormy waves ſur-round.
6. And an - gry clouds tu - mul-tuous rage.

No. 10. — PSALM CXXX.

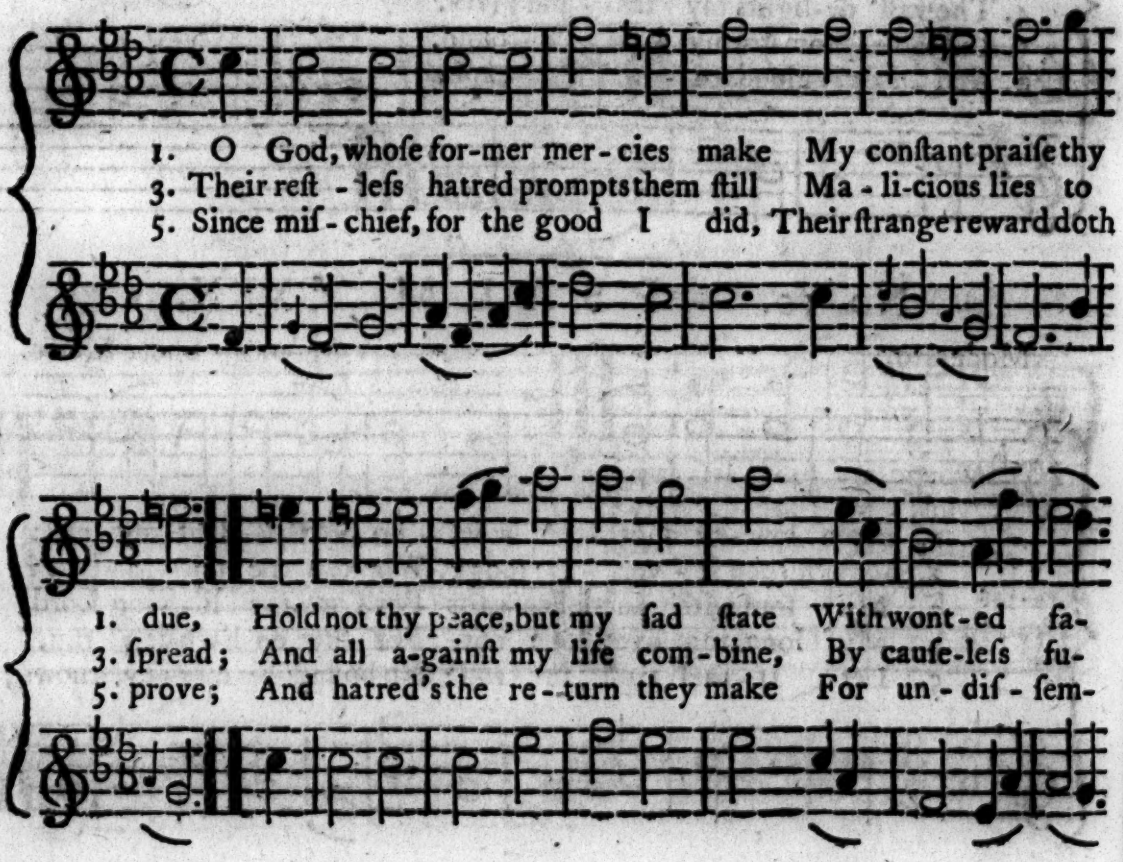
Moderato. New Verſion. — Short Metre.


1. From low-eſt depths of woe, To God I ſent my cry:
2. Should'ſt thou ſe - vere - ly judge, Who can the tri - al bear?
3. My ſoul with pa-tience waits For Thee, the li - ving Lord;
4. My long-ing eyes look out For thy en-liv'n-ing ray,
5. Let If - rael truſt in God; No bounds his mer - cy knows;


1. Lord, hear my ſup - pli - ca - ting voice, And gra-cious-ly re- ply.
2. But Thou for - giv'ſt, leſt we deſpond, And quite renounce thy fear.
3. My hopes are on thy pro - miſe built, Thy ne - ver-fail-ing word.
4. More du - ly than the morn - ing watch To ſpy the dawning day.
5. The plenteous ſource and ſpring from whence E - ter - nal ſuccour flows.

No. 11. — PSALM CIX.

Andante. New Verſion, Common Metre. — Double Tune.


1. O God, whoſe for-mer mer - cies make My conſtant praiſe thy
3. Their reſt - leſs hatred prompts them ſtill Ma - li-cious lies to
5. Since miſ - chief, for the good I did, Their ſtrange reward doth
1. due, Hold not thy peace, but my ſad ſtate With wont - ed fa-
3. ſpread; And all a-gainſt my life com-bine, By cauſe-leſs fu-
5. prove; And hatred's the re - turn they make For un - diſ - ſem-

1. vour view. 2. For, ſin - ful men with ly - ing lips De - ceit-
3. ry led. 4. Thoſe, whom with tend'reſt love I us'd, My chief
5. bled love; 6. Their guil - ty lead - er ſhall be made To ſome
2. ful ſpeeches frame; And with their ſtu-dy'd ſlan-ders ſeek To
4. op - po-ſers are; Whilſt I, of o - ther friends be-reft, Re-
6. ill man a ſlave; And, when he's try'd, his mor - tal foe For
2. wound my ſpot - leſs fame.
4. ſort to Thee by pray'r.
6. his ac - cu - ſer have.

No. 12. — PSALM CXXXIX.

Cheerful. New Verſion. — Long Metre.

1. Thou, Lord, by ſtricteſt ſearch haſt known My ri-ſing up and
2. Thine eye my bed and path ſur-veys, My pub-lic haunts and
3. Sur-rounded by thy pow'r I ſtand, On ev'-ry ſide I
4. O could I ſo per-fi-dious be, To think of once de-
5. If up to heav'n I take my flight, 'Tis there Thou dwell'ſt, en-
1. ly-ing down; My ſe-cret thoughts are known to Thee, Known
2. pri-vate ways; Thou know'ſt what 'tis my lips would vent, My
3. find thy hand: O ſkill, for hu-man reach too high; Too
4. ſert-ing Thee, How, Lord, could I thy in-fluence ſhun? Or
5. thron'd in light: Or dive to hell's in-fer-nal plains, 'Tis
1. long be-fore con-ceiv'd by me.
2. yet un-ut-ter'd words in-tent.
3. daz-zling bright for mor-tal eye!
4. whi-ther from thy pre-ſence run?
5. there Al-migh-ty vengeance reigns.

No. 13. — PSALM CXIV.

Lively. Long Metre. — Spectator, vol. vi. p. 369.

1. When If - rael, freed from Pharoah's hand, Left the proud ty - rant
2. The mountains ſhook like fright-ed ſheep, Like lambs the lit - tle
3. What pow'r could make the deep di - vide, Make Jor - dan backward
4. Let ev' - ry mountain, ev' - ry flood, Re - tire, and know th'ap-
5. He thun-ders, and all na- ture mourns, The rocks to ſtand-ing
1. and his land, The tribes with cheerful ho-mage own Their King, and
2. hil-locks leap; Not Si - nai on her baſe could ſtand, Conſcious of
3. roll his tide? Why did you leap, ye lit - tle hills? And whence the
4. proaching God; The King of If-rael, ſee Him here! Trem-ble, thou
5. pools he turns; Flints ſpring with fountains at his word, And fires and
1. Ju - dah was his throne.
2. ſov'reign pow'r at hand.
3. fright that Si - nai feels?
4. earth, a - dore and fear!
5. ſeas con - feſs their Lord.

No. 14. — PSALM CXXXVI.

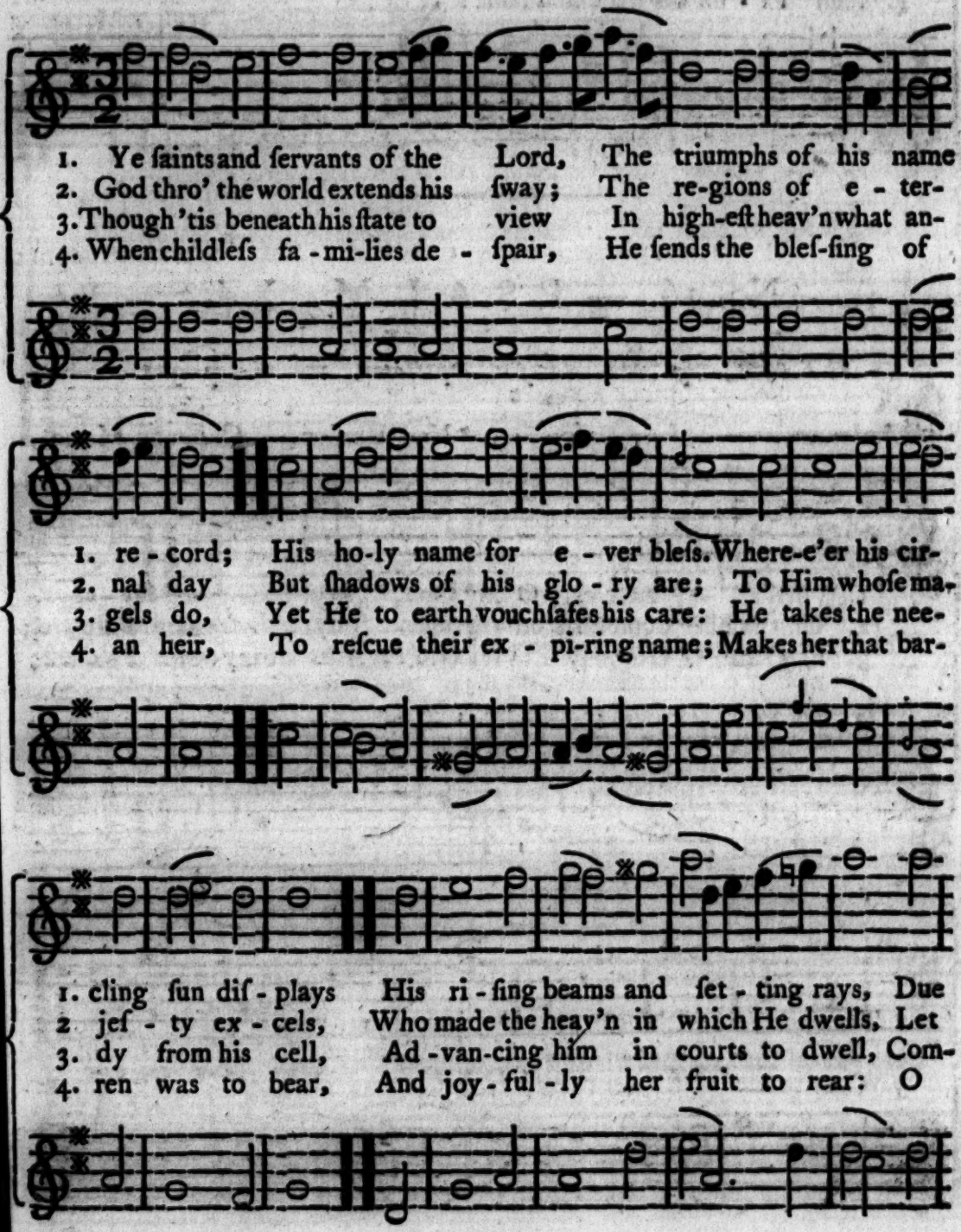
N. B. *After every Verſe repeat the latter Part of the Firſt Verſe,* For, God does prove, &c.

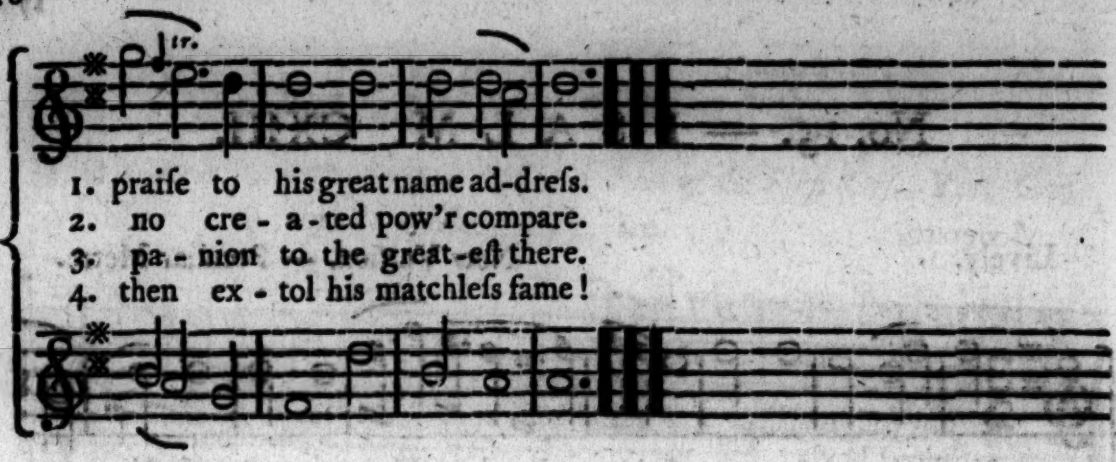
Lively. New Verſion. — Peculiar Metre.

1. To God, the migh-ty Lord, Your joy - ful thanks re-peat;
2. To Him, whoſe wond'rous pow'r All o - ther gods o-bey,
3. By his Al - migh-ty hand A - ma - zing works are wrought;
4. He ſpread the o - cean round A - bout the ſpa-cious land;
5. Thro' heav'n He did diſ - play His nu-m'rous hoſts of light;
Piano.
1. To Him due praiſe af-ford As good as He is great: For, God
2. Whom earth-ly kings a-dore, This grate-ful ho-mage pay: For, &c.
3. The heav'ns by his command Were to per - fec-tion brought: For, &c.
4. And made the ri - ſing ground A-bove the wa - ters ſtand: For, &c.
5. The ſun to rule by day, The moon and ſtars by night: For, &c.
Forte.
does prove our conſtant friend, His boundleſs love ſhall have no end.

No. 15. — PSALM CXIII.

Lively. New Verſion. — Peculiar Metre.

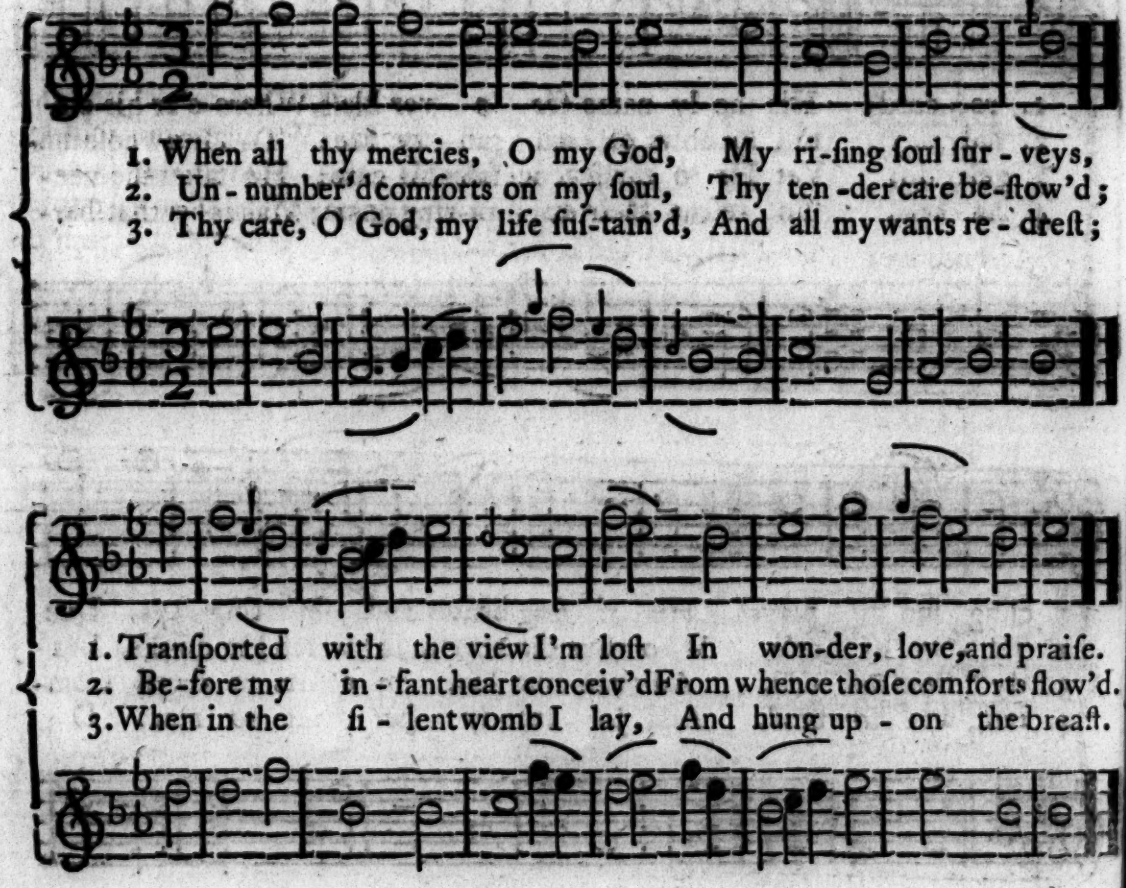

1. Ye ſaints and ſervants of the Lord, The triumphs of his name
2. God thro' the world extends his ſway; The re-gions of e - ter-
3. Though 'tis beneath his ſtate to view In high-eſt heav'n what an-
4. When childleſs fa - mi-lies de - ſpair, He ſends the bleſ-ſing of
1. re - cord; His ho-ly name for e - ver bleſs. Where-e'er his cir-
2. nal day But ſhadows of his glo - ry are; To Him whoſe ma-
3. gels do, Yet He to earth vouchſafes his care: He takes the nee-
4. an heir, To reſcue their ex - pi-ring name; Makes her that bar-
1. cling ſun diſ - plays His ri - ſing beams and ſet - ting rays, Due
2 jeſ - ty ex - cels, Who made the heav'n in which He dwells, Let
3. dy from his cell, Ad - van-cing him in courts to dwell, Com-
4. ren was to bear, And joy - ful - ly her fruit to rear: O


1. praiſe to his great name ad-dreſs.
2. no cre - a - ted pow'r compare.
3. pa - nion to the great-eſt there.
4. then ex - tol his matchleſs fame!

No. 16. — PSALM XV.

HYMN, by Mr. Addiſon, Spectator, vol. vi. p. 321.

Moderato. New Verſion. — Common Metre.


1. When all thy mercies, O my God, My ri-ſing ſoul ſur - veys,
2. Un - number'd comforts on my ſoul, Thy ten-der care be-ſtow'd;
3. Thy care, O God, my life ſuſ-tain'd, And all my wants re - dreſt;
1. Tranſported with the view I'm loſt In won-der, love, and praiſe.
2. Be-fore my in - fant heart conceiv'd From whence thoſe comforts flow'd.
3. When in the ſi - lent womb I lay, And hung up - on the breaſt.

No. 17. — PSALM XLIII.

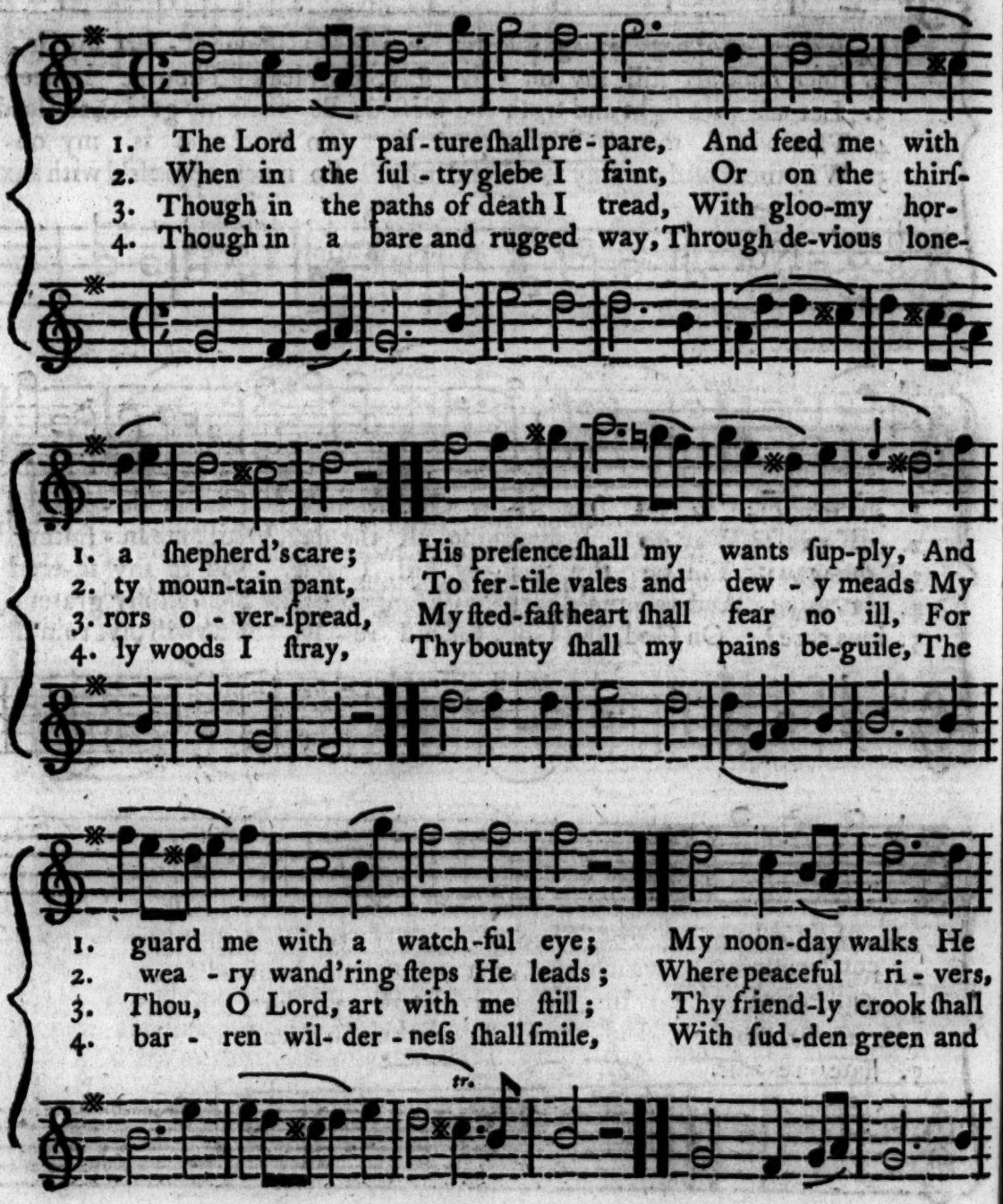
Moderato. New Verſion. — Long Metre.

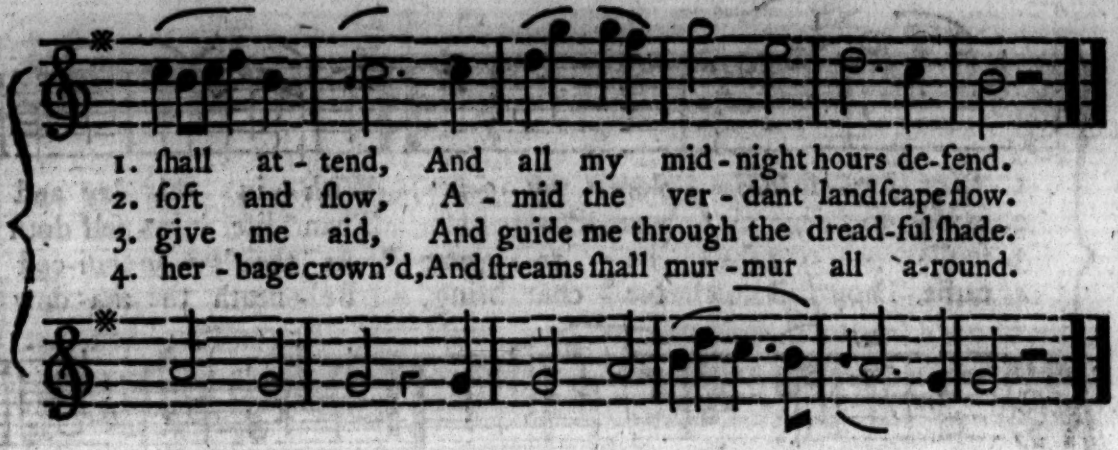
1. Juſt Judge of heav'n, a-gainſt my foes Do Thou aſ - ſert my in-
2. Since Thou art ſtill my on - ly ſtay, Why leav'ſt Thou me in deep
3. Let me with light and truth be bleſs'd; Be theſe my guides, and lead
4. Then will I there freſh al - tars raiſe, To God, who is my on-
5. Why then caſt down, my ſoul? and why So much oppreſs'd with anx-
1. jur'd right; O ſet me free, my God, from thoſe That in de - ceit and
2. diſ - treſs? Why go I mourning all the day, Whilſt me in - ſulting
3. the way; Till on thy ho - ly hill I reſt, And in thy ſa-cred
4. ly joy; And well-tun'd harps, with ſongs of praiſe, Shall all my grateful
5. ious care? On God, thy God, for aid re - ly, Who will thy ruin'd
1. wrong de-light.
2. foes op-preſs.
3. tem - ple pray.
4. hours employ.
5. ſtate re-pair.

No. 18. — HYMN,

By Mr. Addiſon, Spectator, vol. vi. p. 254.

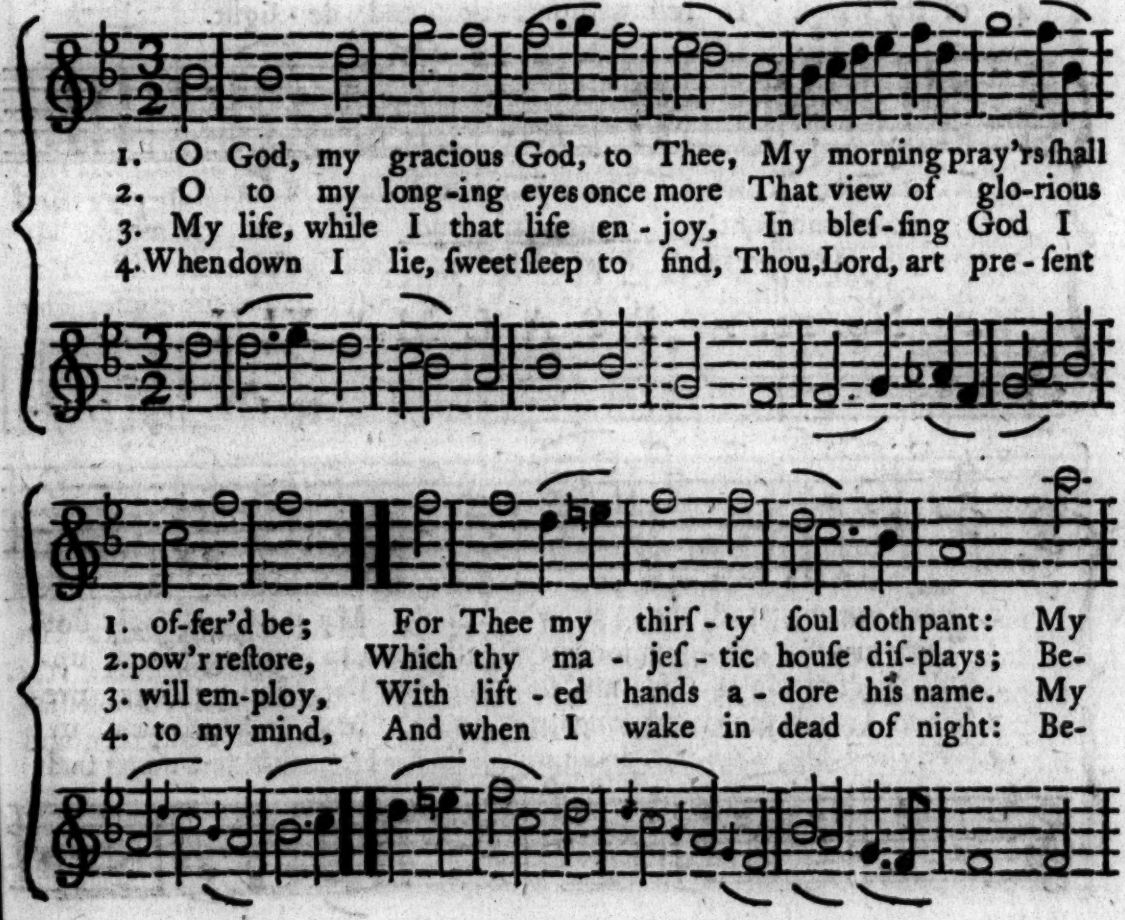
Lively.

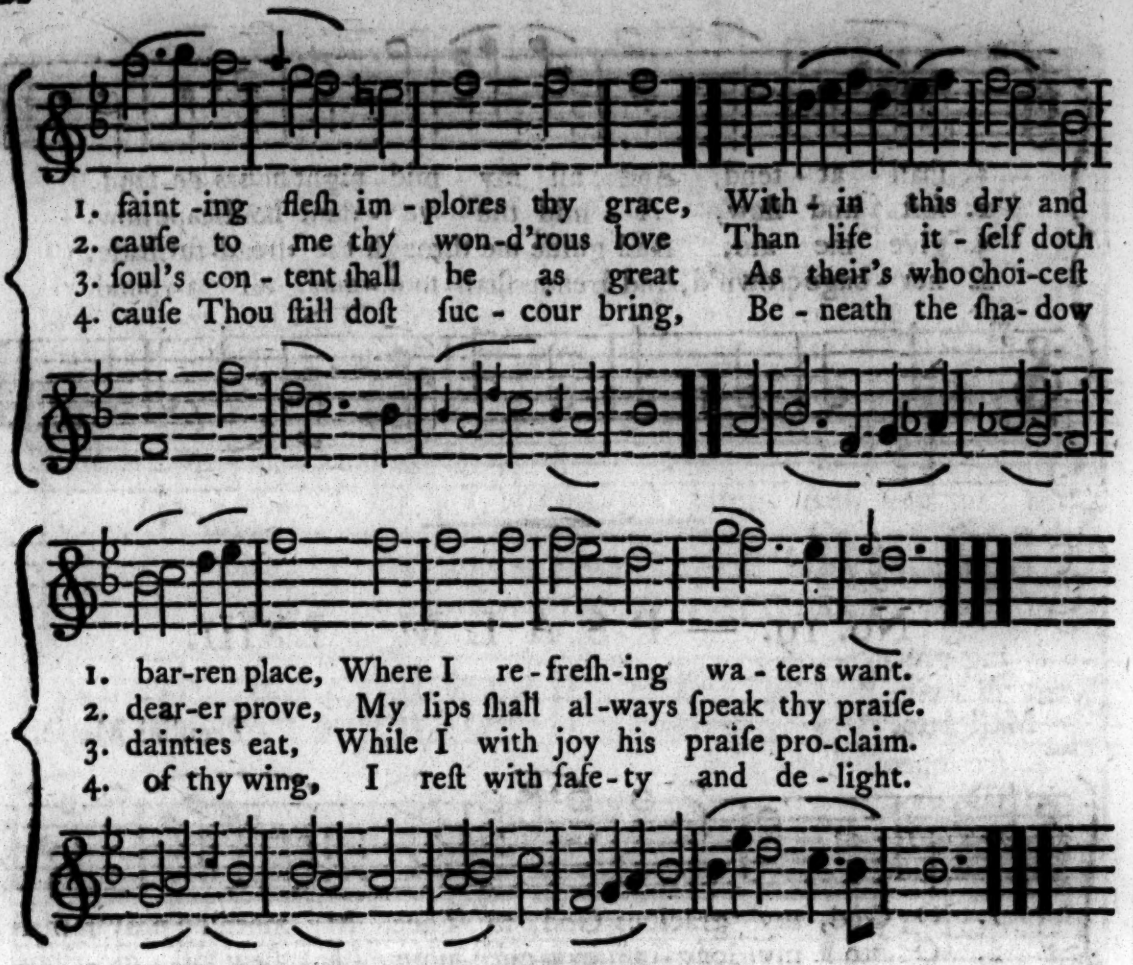

1. The Lord my paſ-ture ſhall pre-pare, And feed me with
2. When in the ſul-try glebe I faint, Or on the thirſ-
3. Though in the paths of death I tread, With gloo-my hor-
4. Though in a bare and rugged way, Through de-vious lone-
1. a ſhepherd's care; His preſence ſhall my wants ſup-ply, And
2. ty moun-tain pant, To fer-tile vales and dew-y meads My
3. rors o-ver-ſpread, My ſted-faſt heart ſhall fear no ill, For
4. ly woods I ſtray, Thy bounty ſhall my pains be-guile, The
1. guard me with a watch-ful eye; My noon-day walks He
2. wea-ry wand'ring ſteps He leads; Where peaceful ri-vers,
3. Thou, O Lord, art with me ſtill; Thy friend-ly crook ſhall
4. bar-ren wil-der-neſs ſhall ſmile, With ſud-den green and
tr.


1. ſhall at - tend, And all my mid - night hours de-fend.
2. ſoft and ſlow, A - mid the ver - dant landſcape flow.
3. give me aid, And guide me through the dread-ful ſhade.
4. her - bage crown'd, And ſtreams ſhall mur - mur all a-round.

No. 19. — PSALM LXIII.

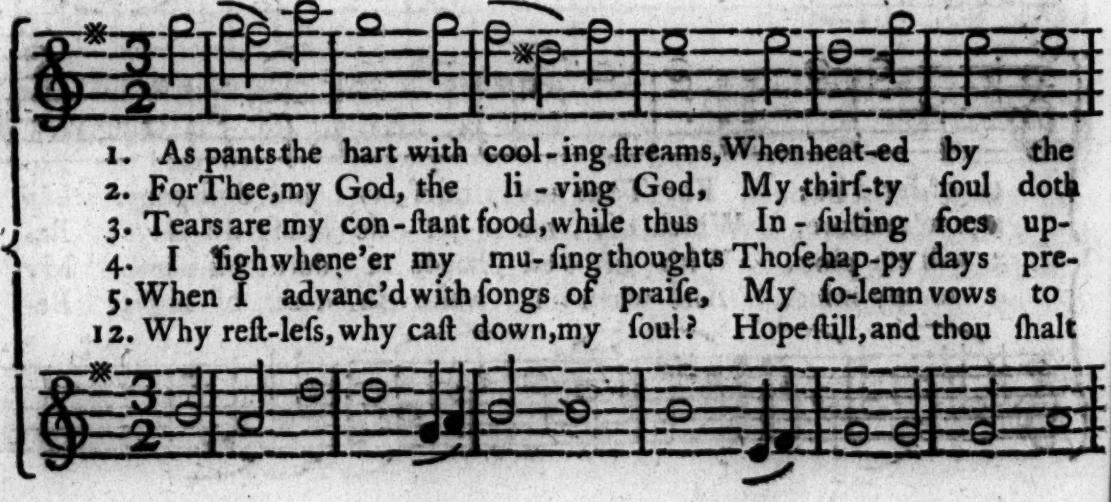
Moderato. Peculiar Metre.

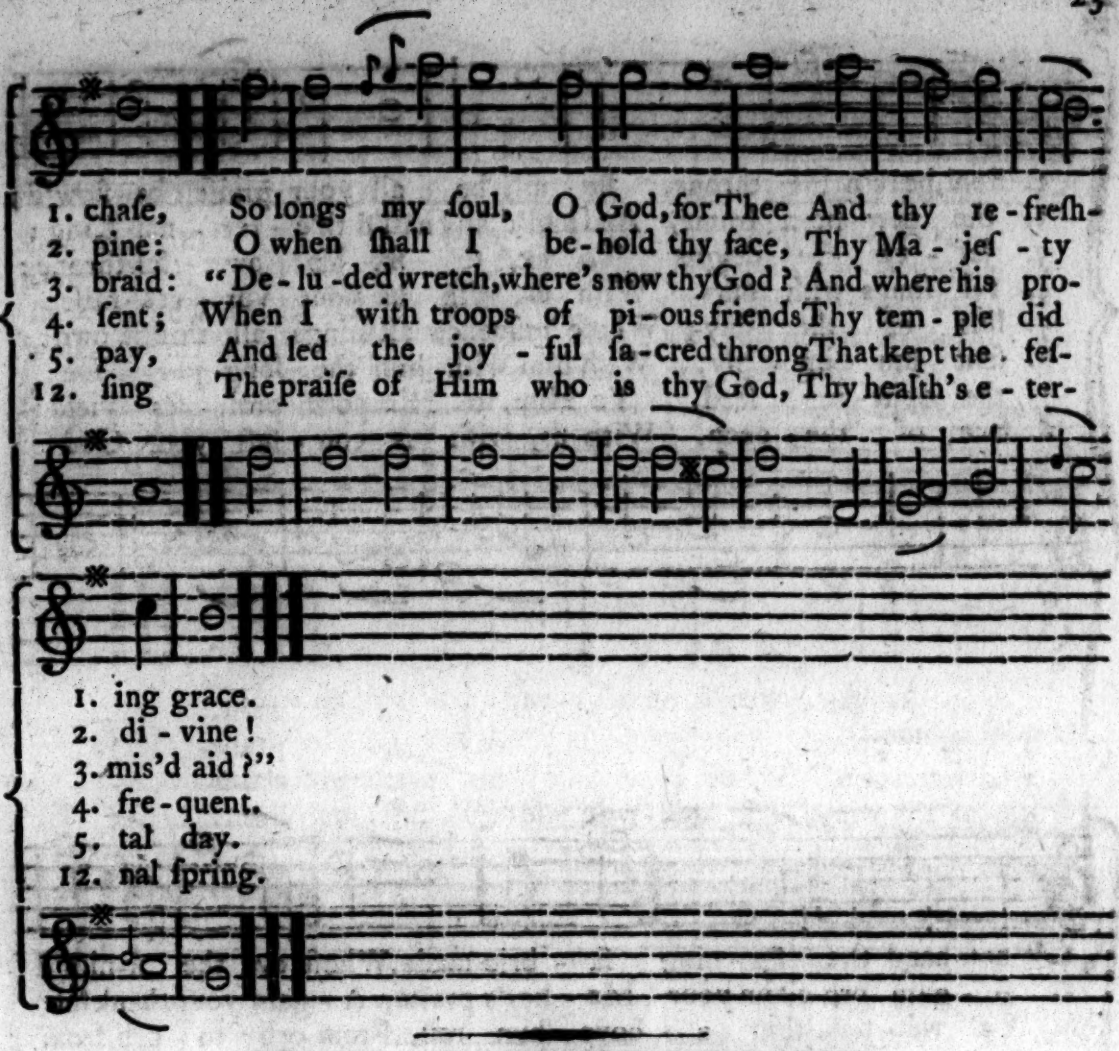

1. O God, my gracious God, to Thee, My morning pray'rs ſhall
2. O to my long-ing eyes once more That view of glo-rious
3. My life, while I that life en - joy, In bleſ-ſing God I
4. When down I lie, ſweet ſleep to find, Thou, Lord, art pre - ſent
1. of-fer'd be; For Thee my thirſ - ty ſoul doth pant: My
2. pow'r reſtore, Which thy ma - jeſ - tic houſe diſ-plays; Be-
3. will em-ploy, With lift - ed hands a - dore his name. My
4. to my mind, And when I wake in dead of night: Be-


1. faint-ing fleſh im-plores thy grace, With-in this dry and
2. cauſe to me thy won-d'rous love Than life it-ſelf doth
3. ſoul's con-tent ſhall be as great As their's who choi-ceſt
4. cauſe Thou ſtill doſt ſuc-cour bring, Be-neath the ſha-dow
1. bar-ren place, Where I re-freſh-ing wa-ters want.
2. dear-er prove, My lips ſhall al-ways ſpeak thy praiſe.
3. dainties eat, While I with joy his praiſe pro-claim.
4. of thy wing, I reſt with ſafe-ty and de-light.

No. 20. — PSALM XLII.

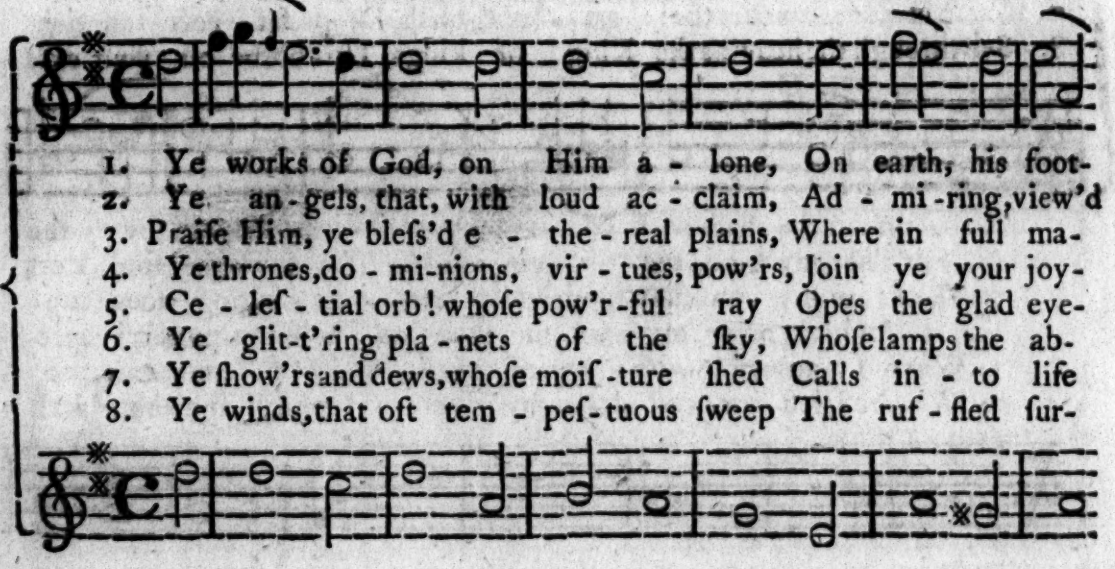
Andante. Ver. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 12.

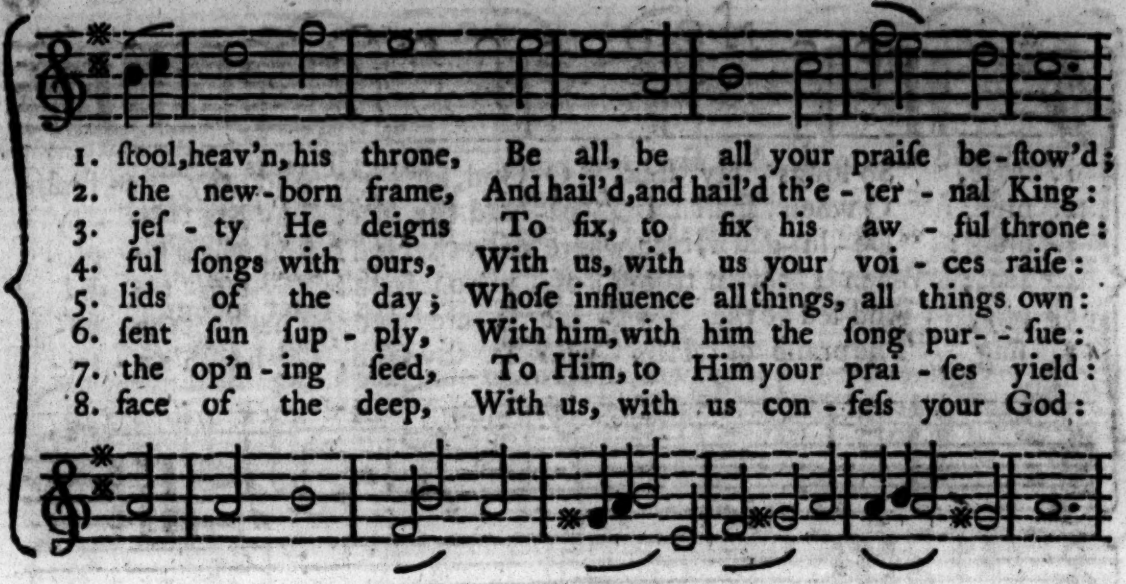

1. As pants the hart with cool-ing ſtreams, When heat-ed by the
2. For Thee, my God, the li-ving God, My thirſ-ty ſoul doth
3. Tears are my con-ſtant food, while thus In-ſulting foes up-
4. I ſigh whene'er my mu-ſing thoughts Thoſe hap-py days pre-
5. When I advanc'd with ſongs of praiſe, My ſo-lemn vows to
12. Why reſt-leſs, why caſt down, my ſoul? Hope ſtill, and thou ſhalt


1. chaſe, So longs my ſoul, O God, for Thee And thy re-freſh-
2. pine: O when ſhall I be-hold thy face, Thy Ma-jeſ-ty
3. braid: "De-lu-ded wretch, where's now thy God? And where his pro-
4. ſent; When I with troops of pi-ous friends Thy tem-ple did
5. pay, And led the joy-ful ſa-cred throng That kept the feſ-
12. ſing The praiſe of Him who is thy God, Thy health's e-ter-
1. ing grace.
2. di-vine!
3. mis'd aid?"
4. fre-quent.
5. tal day.
12. nal ſpring.

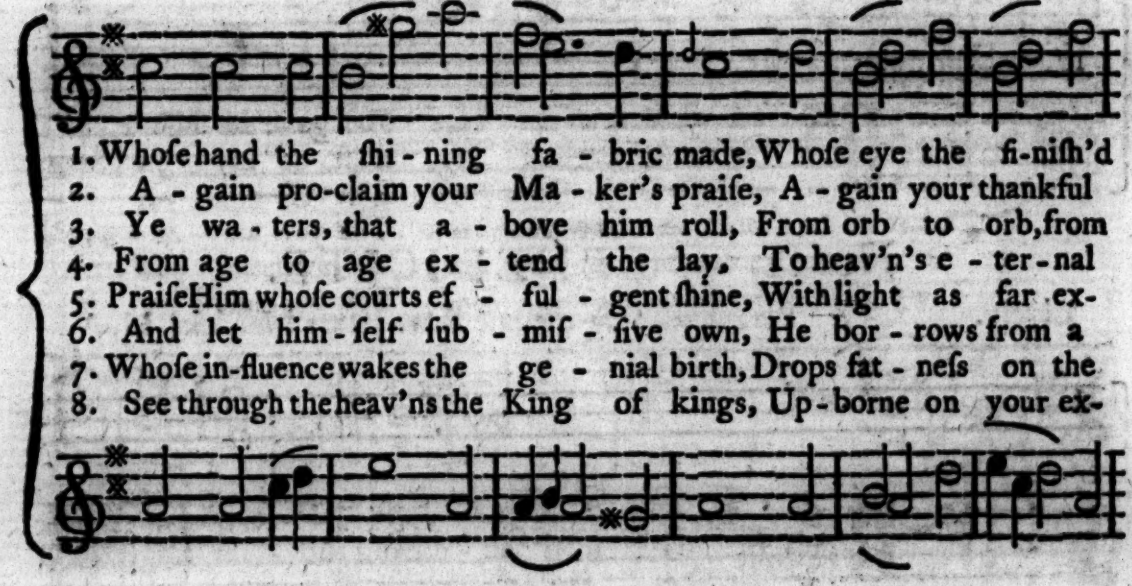
No. 21. — BENEDICITE.

Lively. Paraphraſed by the late Rev. James Merrick, M. A.

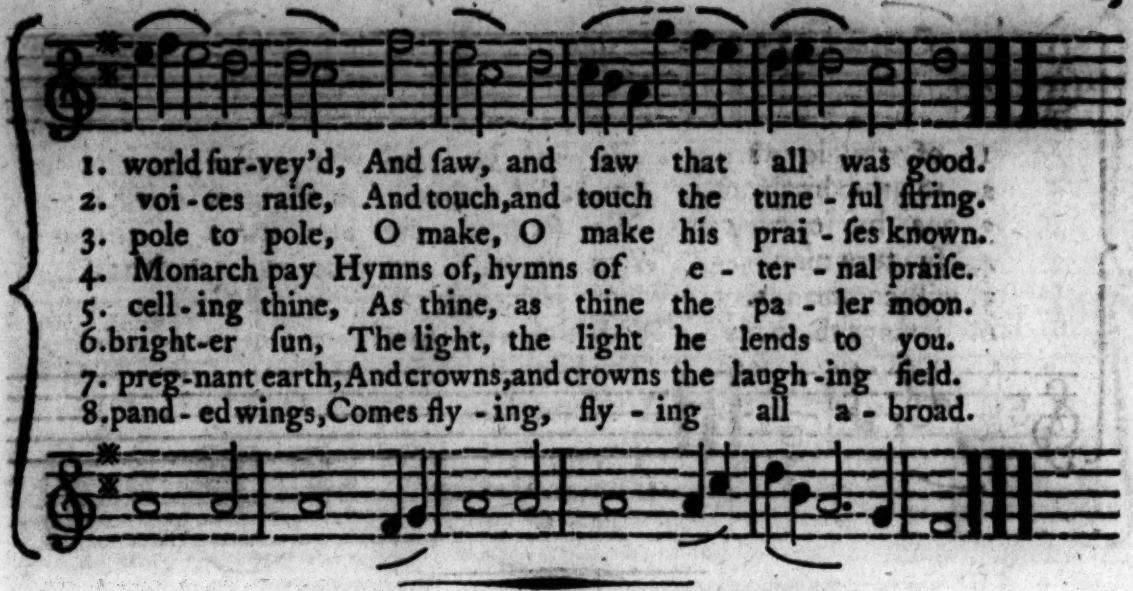

1. Ye works of God, on Him a-lone, On earth, his foot-
2. Ye an-gels, that, with loud ac-claim, Ad-mi-ring, view'd
3. Praiſe Him, ye bleſs'd e-the-real plains, Where in full ma-
4. Ye thrones, do-mi-nions, vir-tues, pow'rs, Join ye your joy-
5. Ce-leſ-tial orb! whoſe pow'r-ful ray Opes the glad eye-
6. Ye glit-t'ring pla-nets of the ſky, Whoſe lamps the ab-
7. Ye ſhow'rs and dews, whoſe moiſ-ture ſhed Calls in-to life
8. Ye winds, that oft tem-peſ-tuous ſweep The ruf-fled ſur-



1. ſtool, heav'n, his throne, Be all, be all your praiſe be-ſtow'd;
2. the new-born frame, And hail'd, and hail'd th'e-ter-nal King:
3. jeſ-ty He deigns To fix, to fix his aw-ful throne:
4. ful ſongs with ours, With us, with us your voi-ces raiſe:
5. lids of the day; Whoſe influence all things, all things own:
6. ſent ſun ſup-ply, With him, with him the ſong pur--ſue:
7. the op'n-ing ſeed, To Him, to Him your prai-ſes yield:
8. face of the deep, With us, with us con-feſs your God:



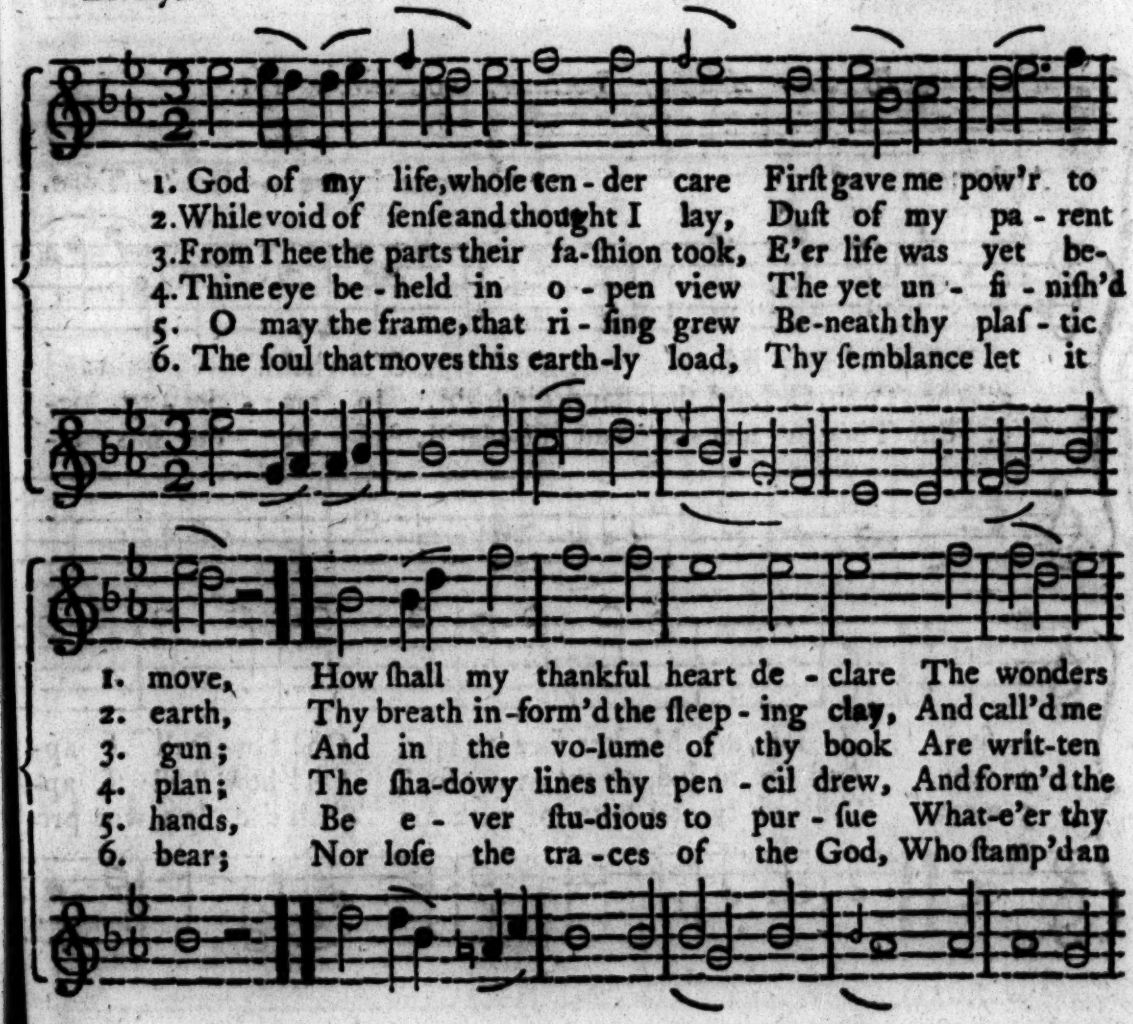
1. Whoſe hand the ſhi-ning fa-bric made, Whoſe eye the fi-niſh'd
2. A-gain pro-claim your Ma-ker's praiſe, A-gain your thankful
3. Ye wa-ters, that a-bove him roll, From orb to orb, from
4. From age to age ex-tend the lay, To heav'n's e-ter-nal
5. Praiſe Him whoſe courts ef-ful-gent ſhine, With light as far ex-
6. And let him-ſelf ſub-miſ-ſive own, He bor-rows from a
7. Whoſe in-fluence wakes the ge-nial birth, Drops fat-neſs on the
8. See through the heav'ns the King of kings, Up-borne on your ex-

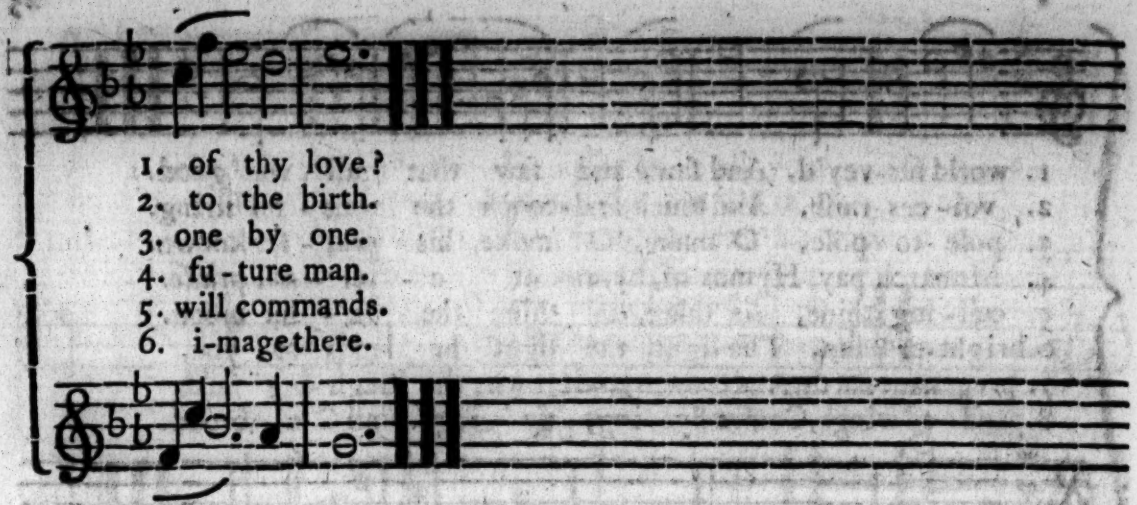

1. world ſur-vey'd, And ſaw, and ſaw that all was good.
2. voi-ces raiſe, And touch, and touch the tune-ful ſtring.
3. pole to pole, O make, O make his prai-ſes known.
4. Monarch pay Hymns of, hymns of e-ter-nal praiſe.
5. cell-ing thine, As thine, as thine the pa-ler moon.
6. bright-er ſun, The light, the light he lends to you.
7. preg-nant earth, And crowns, and crowns the laugh-ing field.
8. pand-ed wings, Comes fly-ing, fly-ing all a-broad.

No. 23. — HYMN,

Written by the late Rev. James Merrick, M. A.

Lively. Common Metre.

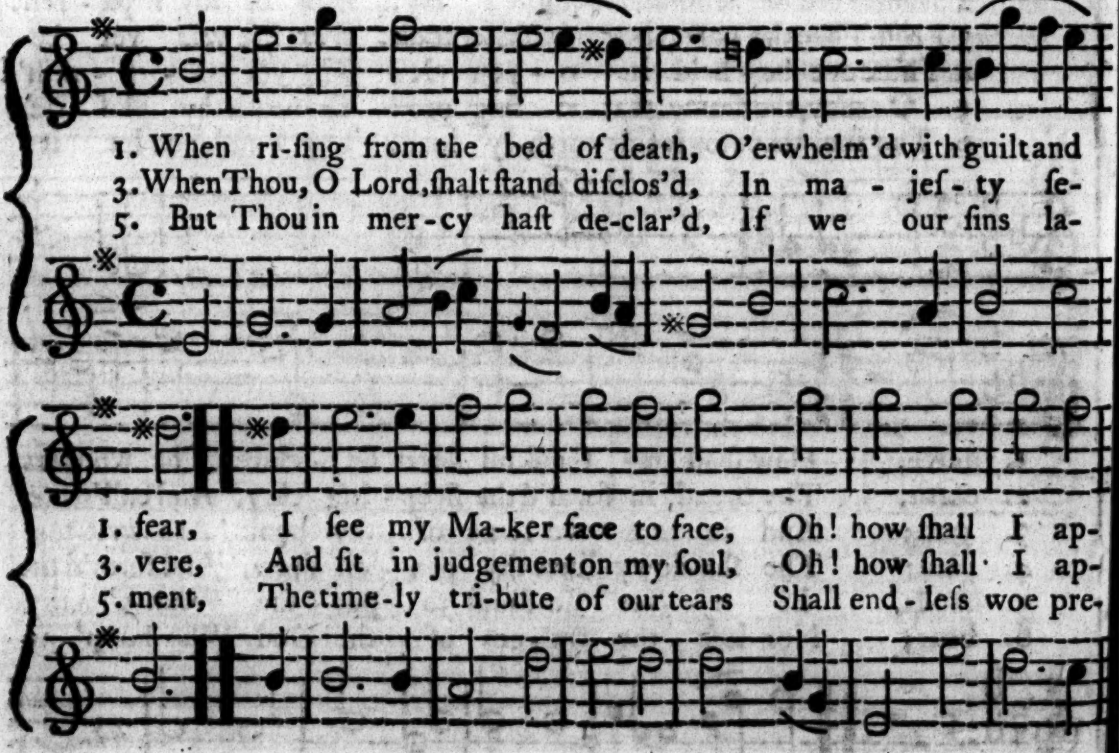

1. God of my life, whoſe ten-der care Firſt gave me pow'r to
2. While void of ſenſe and thought I lay, Duſt of my pa-rent
3. From Thee the parts their fa-ſhion took, E'er life was yet be-
4. Thine eye be-held in o-pen view The yet un-fi-niſh'd
5. O may the frame, that ri-ſing grew Be-neath thy plaſ-tic
6. The ſoul that moves this earth-ly load, Thy ſemblance let it
1. move, How ſhall my thankful heart de-clare The wonders
2. earth, Thy breath in-form'd the ſleep-ing clay, And call'd me
3. gun; And in the vo-lume of thy book Are writ-ten
4. plan; The ſha-dowy lines thy pen-cil drew, And form'd the
5. hands, Be e-ver ſtu-dious to pur-ſue What-e'er thy
6. bear; Nor loſe the tra-ces of the God, Who ſtamp'd an



No. 24. — HYMN,

By Mr. Addiſon, Spectator, vol. vii. p. 221.

Andante. Common Metre. — Double Tune.

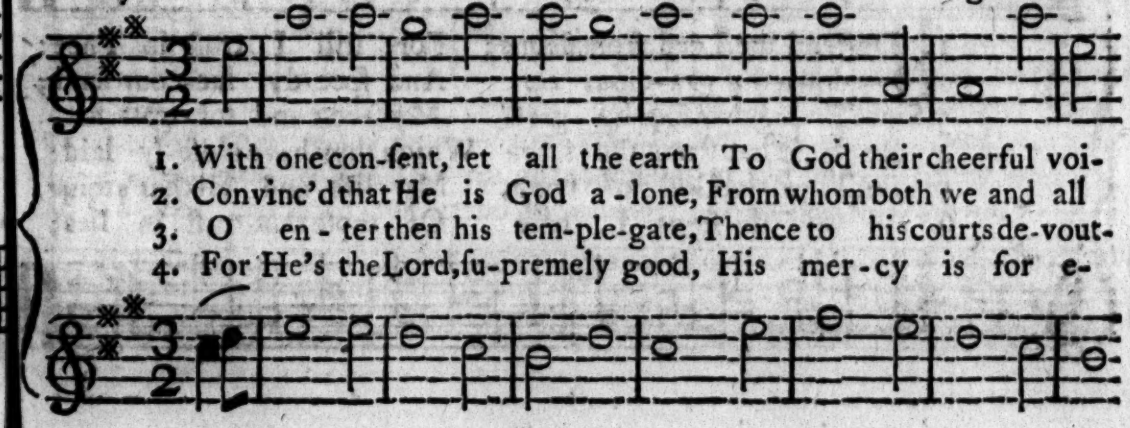

1. When ri-ſing from the bed of death, O'erwhelm'd with guilt and
3. When Thou, O Lord, ſhalt ſtand diſclos'd, In ma-jeſ-ty ſe-
5. But Thou in mer-cy haſt de-clar'd, If we our ſins la-
1. fear, I ſee my Ma-ker face to face, Oh! how ſhall I ap-
3. vere, And ſit in judgement on my ſoul, Oh! how ſhall I ap-
5. ment, The time-ly tri-bute of our tears Shall end-leſs woe pre-

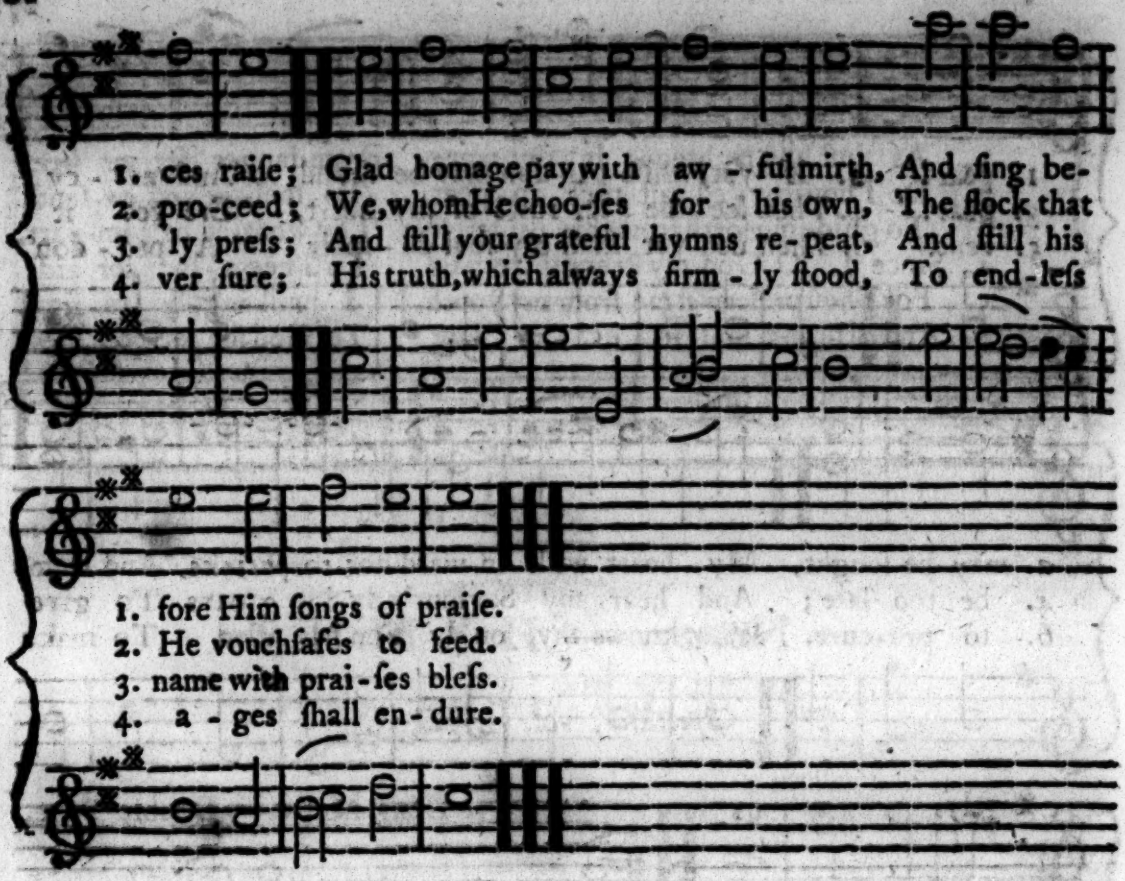
1. pear! 2. If yet, while par-don may be found, And mer - cy
3. pear! 4. Then ſee the ſor-rows of my heart, Ere yet it
5. vent. 6. Then ne - ver ſhall my ſoul de - ſpair A par - don
2. may be ſought, My heart with in-ward hor-ror ſhrinks, And trem-
4. be too late; And hear my Saviour's dy-ing groans To give
6. to pro-cure, Who knows thy on-ly Son has died To make
2. bles at the thought.
4. thoſe ſor-rows weight.
6. that par-don ſure.

The following Tunes were compoſed by the late Rev. Thomas Sharp, M. A.

No. 25. — PSALM C.

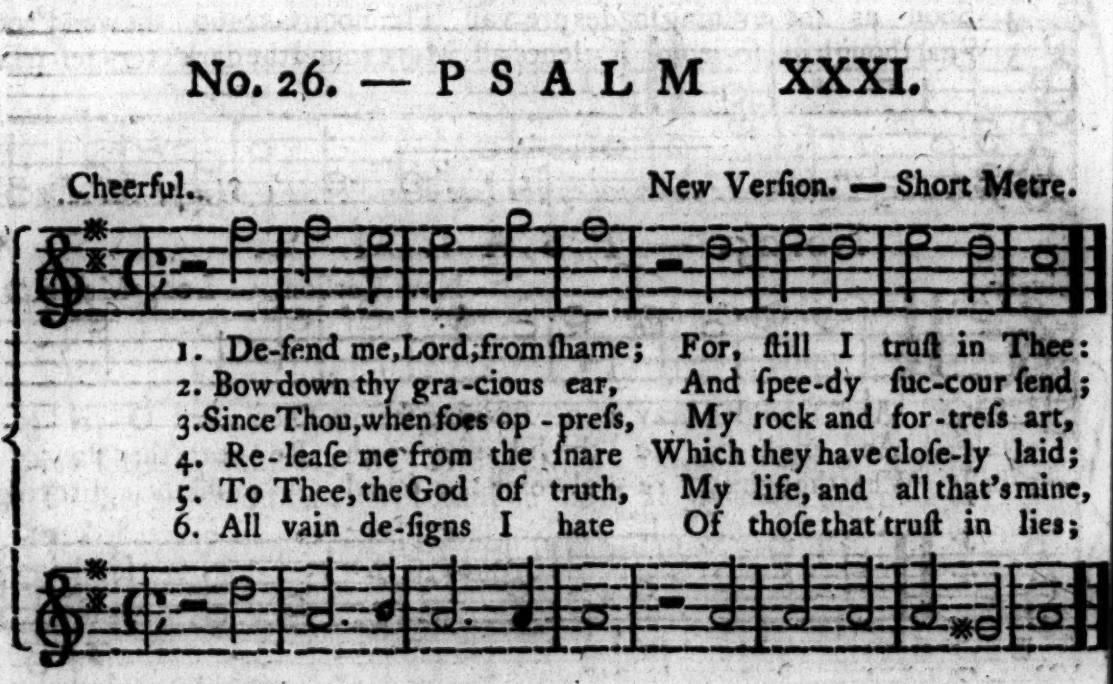
Lively. New Verſion. — Long Metre.

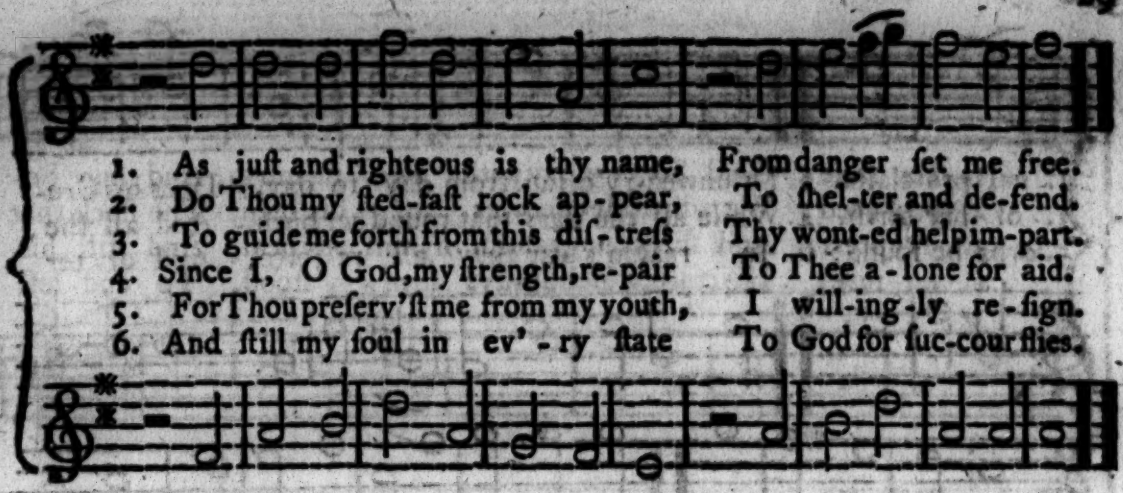

1. With one con-ſent, let all the earth To God their cheerful voi-
2. Convinc'd that He is God a-lone, From whom both we and all
3. O en - ter then his tem-ple-gate, Thence to his courts de-vout-
4. For He's the Lord, ſu-premely good, His mer-cy is for e-


1. ces raiſe; Glad homage pay with aw - ful mirth, And ſing be-
2. pro-ceed; We, whom He choo-ſes for his own, The flock that
3. ly preſs; And ſtill your grateful hymns re-peat, And ſtill his
4. ver ſure; His truth, which always firm - ly ſtood, To end-leſs
1. fore Him ſongs of praiſe.
2. He vouchſafes to feed.
3. name with prai-ſes bleſs.
4. a - ges ſhall en - dure.

No. 26. — PSALM XXXI.

Cheerful. New Verſion. — Short Metre.

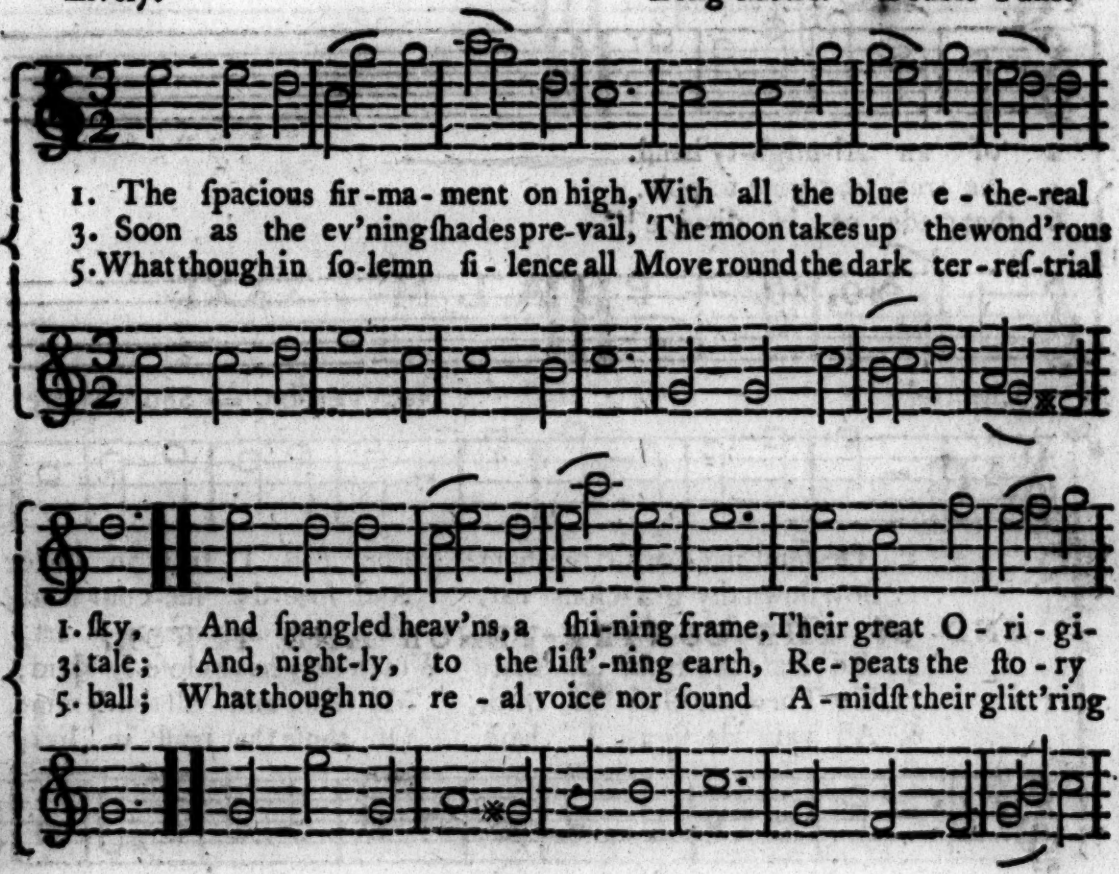

1. De-fend me, Lord, from ſhame; For, ſtill I truſt in Thee:
2. Bow down thy gra-cious ear, And ſpee-dy ſuc-cour ſend;
3. Since Thou, when foes op - preſs, My rock and for-treſs art,
4. Re-leaſe me from the ſnare Which they have cloſe-ly laid;
5. To Thee, the God of truth, My life, and all that's mine,
6. All vain de-ſigns I hate Of thoſe that truſt in lies;


1. As juſt and righteous is thy name, From danger ſet me free.
2. Do Thou my ſted-faſt rock ap-pear, To ſhel-ter and de-fend.
3. To guide me forth from this diſ-treſs Thy wont-ed help im-part.
4. Since I, O God, my ſtrength, re-pair To Thee a-lone for aid.
5. For Thou preſerv'ſt me from my youth, I will-ing-ly re-ſign.
6. And ſtill my ſoul in ev'-ry ſtate To God for ſuc-cour flies.

No. 27. — HYMN.

Spectator, vol. vi. p. 393.

Lively. Long Metre. — Double Tune.


1. The ſpacious fir-ma-ment on high, With all the blue e-the-real
3. Soon as the ev'ning ſhades pre-vail, The moon takes up the wond'rous
5. What though in ſo-lemn ſi-lence all Move round the dark ter-reſ-trial
1. ſky, And ſpangled heav'ns, a ſhi-ning frame, Their great O-ri-gi-
3. tale; And, night-ly, to the liſt'-ning earth, Re-peats the ſto-ry
5. ball; What though no re-al voice nor ſound A-midſt their glitt'ring

1. nal pro-claim. 2. Th'unwea-ry'd ſun, from day to day, Does his Cre-
3. of her birth. 4. While all the ſtars that round her burn, And all the
5. orbs be found: 6. In reaſon's ear they all re-joice, And ut-ter
2. a-tor's pow'r diſ-play; And pub-liſh-es to ev'-ry land The work
4. pla-nets, in their turn, Con-firm the tidings as they roll, And ſpread
6. forth a glo-rious voice; For e-ver ſinging as they ſhine, "The hand
2. of an Al-migh-ty hand.
4. the truth from pole to pole.
6. that made us is di-vine!"

12! 7 49

END OF THE CONTRA-TENOR AND TENOR.

Edward Forster junr.
from Granville Sharp Esq